

THE
GUIDE
TO
HOLINESS.

EDITORS:
REV. H. V. DEGEN, REV. B. W. GORHAM.

VOLUME XXXVIII.

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THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

[Original.]

DR. AND MRS. PALMER.

ARTHUR VILLA, PENRITH, April 24, 1860.

REV. H. V. DEGEN.

BELOVED BROTHER: Here we are in Penrith, a town of about six thousand inhabitants, on the borders of Scotland. There is much here to awaken the interest of the admirer of nature, or the antiquarian. We are reliably informed that the history of this town may be traced back to three centuries before the Christian era. It is said that no other part of England possesses such numerous evidences of a high antiquity.

We have looked at dilapidated castles whose origin may be traced, it is presumed, to over a thousand years back. The walls, several feet thick, suggest that the projectors anticipated that they might stand till time should be no more. Seldom have I witnessed more beautiful landscape scenery than here. It is enclosed between the Pennine hills and the Irish sea. Hill and dale, mountains and winding streams, variegate the scene.

Brougham Hall, the residence of Lord Brougham, whose name as one of England's noble statesmen, is familiar to many, is about two miles distant from the town of Penrith. The style of the hall is ancient. Art has been freely taxed to render it a charmingly picturesque place; the site is the summit of a precipitous bank. His lordship generally resides here about three months in the autumn of each year.

The Brougham Chapel stands near the

hall. Tradition says that the history of the chapel may be traced as far back as 1393. It is a small building, apparently sunk in the earth; but the adornments within are of great costliness and splendor. One cannot doubt from a review of the images, that the worship there observed is of the "Tractarian" order.

A few days ago we took a drive about five miles distance to visit the castle of the Earl of Lonsdale. It stands on an eminence, surrounded by an area of several hundred acres; it is said to be by far the most magnificent building of all this region. It is encompassed by sturdy oaks of most venerable appearance, looking as though they had outlived many generations. The northern front of the castle is in the castellated style of the thirteenth century, and the southern front in the Gothic cathedral style. It is very extensive. We passed through room after room, and saw the portraits and busts of kings, queens, and statesmen of present and past generations.

Passing through the library, comprising I should judge some thousands of volumes, we observed many works of great antiquity. Among the more modern volumes we saw the life of Rev. John Wesley, and also the life and letters of Hannah More. We were informed that the earl, who is a bachelor of about seventy years of age, spends but a small portion of his time here, being most of the time at his house in London.

As we rode back from the castle to the neighborhood of Penrith, we looked at a curious mound called "King Arthur's

table." It consists of a circular platform surrounded by a moat. Ballad-traditions have fixed it as the residence of King Arthur. It is regarded as a place of celebrity, some supposing that its peculiarities denote it as a place of worship for the ancient settlers for these regions. These were Celts, and the irreligion a species of fire-worship.

And now, who can say that the former days were better than these? Oh, blessed Christianity, what hast thou done? Here, where once fire-worship obtained, many from various directions twenty miles around, have been pouring in nightly during the past four weeks, seeking the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. These, after receiving the gift of power, have scattered to their near and remote homes, and returning again succeeding evenings have brought their unconverted friends, who in turn have been blessed, till now the flame of heavenly fire is spreading in every direction, and the attention of rich and poor, high and low, seems to have been arrested.

The names of those who have been specially blessed, have as far as practicable been recorded by the secretaries of the meeting. The number is about eight hundred. Seven hundred at least have, we trust, been newly born into the kingdom of Christ. About one hundred have presented themselves as seekers of entire holiness, and have been enabled to claim the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth; and still the work is progressing with increasing power.

The Wesleyans have a commodious chapel here. Here, as elsewhere, they were subjected to most bitter and malignant persecution when they first made an effort to plant themselves in the place.

Mr. Wesley, in his journal referring to these regions, says: On the 27th June, 1752, I preached at Clifton, near Penrith, to a civil people, who looked just as if I had been talking Greek. Again, May

5, 1780, he says: Notice having been given, without my knowledge, of my preaching at Ninthead, all the lead miners that could, got together, and I declared unto them, "All things are ready." After riding over another enormous mountain, I preached as I did about thirty years ago to a large congregation of rich and poor. In the evening, a large upper room, designed for an assembly, was procured for me at Penrith, but several poor people were struck with a panic for fear the room should fall. Finding there was no remedy, I went down into the court below and preached in great peace to a multitude of well-behaved people. The rain was suspended while I preached, but afterward returned and continued most of the night. Again, May 11, 1786. Preached at Appleby in the afternoon, and went on to Penrith.

One valuable auxiliary of Wesleyanism in England, is their day schools. These are established in most of the important towns for the purpose of placing within the reach of all classes the means of a useful education based on religious principles. The Wesleyans have an excellent and commodious building reared expressly for the accommodation of the day school, which has been for many years past in successful operation. Several of the day and Sabbath-school scholars have been made partakers of the grace of life during this season of gracious visitation.

April 24. To-day we close up our labors in this place. The Lord of hosts has been with us. Among the notices of the work which have appeared, I send you a copy of to-day's issue, — a secular paper published in this place, the editor of which has seldom been absent during the past thirty days' services. Time forbids my writing more at present. By the same post which brings you this, you will probably receive the Cumberland and Westmoreland Advertiser, containing editorial notices of the work.

We expect to leave Penrith for Gateshead shortly, where, *D. V.*, we shall again enter upon a series of labors. Dr. P. unites in Christian salutations.

Yours in Jesus,

PHEBE PALMER.

REVIVAL SERVICES IN PENRITH.

THESE services have been continued during the last week, and their results are assuming most surprising dimensions. We have carefully watched their progress from the first, — having attended the whole of them, — and are amazed at the immense spread of divine influence among the people. At their commencement, the crowding of the chapel was confined to the Sabbaths, but such was the effect produced by the remarkable conversions taking place, that last Friday evening the congregation filled it.

One pleasing feature about this revival is the evident genuineness of it. It is not mere excitement, but the power of the Holy Ghost spreading among, awakening, converting, and sanctifying the people. Proof of this is seen in the very satisfactory way in which it is extending to all classes, and people of every calibre of mind, and of the different classes of society, are yielding to the influence of the Spirit. It is not the mere youth, or the ignorant, or the poor, you see bending at the altar of prayer; but the strong man, the hoary head, the educated, and the gentle, go there and are converted. Many who were among the most unlikely to kneel as penitents among the Methodists, have found that God was there, and have been made to rejoice in Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

Such was the state of the overflowing congregations last Sabbath, that we rejoiced most heartily that it was not a political gathering, for some revolutionary purpose, but people drawn together by the Holy Ghost, for the purpose of being saved from sin and eternal death. Up-

wards of eighty were at the altar of prayer, seventy of whom were penitents, and the rest believers, who were sanctified through faith in the blood of the atonement; and the total number (from the commencement of these services) who have received these blessings, is above five hundred and fifty. While we would give all the glory to God, we would honor the instruments he employs. All classes in the town ought to rejoice that Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have visited it, and that their labors are thus crowned with success. What a glorious change has taken place in many individuals! How many have been made happy! The poor drunkard, miserable in himself, and making others miserable around him, has here found his way back to sobriety and peace. As our beloved friends have kindly consented to continue these services another week, and over another Sabbath, we sincerely hope that hundreds more who have not yet attended them, will embrace the earliest opportunity of doing so. — *Penrith Chronicle*, April 17.

[From the *Penrith Chronicle*, Eng., April 24.]

THE SPECIAL SERVICES AT THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL, PENRITH.

DURING the week these services have been more numerous attended than ever; and last Sabbath they must have reached the culminating point, if that can be while any sinners remain unconverted to God. They have now continued for a month, and yet the interest excited, and the power of the Holy Ghost manifested, are not only unabated, but apparently more and more potent. The eloquence of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, blended with that holy unction which comes from heaven, together with the untiring diligence of the ministers, office-bearers, and members of the society, have been combined to promote such glorious results as cannot be forgotten for many years. Every possessor of Christian holiness has

during this blessed month, done the best he could to help his neighbor to the enjoyment of the same blessing; and, indeed, come the sinner from where he would, or belong to whatever other body of Christians he might, if he came to the service seeking salvation, through the atonement of Christ, he was led to the altar of prayer, with shouts of joy and triumph, and was not often left until he found peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. The entire voice of God's people seemed to reiterate the language of inspiration, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat: yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." (Isaiah lv. 1.) We have been surprised at the number of miles some have come to be present at these services, and deeply affected with their earnest entreaties to be allowed, if possible, to enter the crammed congregations, — grounding their plea on the great distance they had travelled. We understand that the total number of individuals receiving good at these services reaches now to nearly seven hundred.

But will not this produce a good and healthy moral effect upon the town and neighborhood, beyond the immediate conversion of souls? If Christians are the "salt of the earth," and these young converts walk circumspectly, as we confidently hope they will, will they not diffuse a salutary and saving influence among those around them? May we not augur well for the future of our vicinity? Many of them are people of intellect and standing in the neighborhood, and most of them persons of that amount of respectability and mind, which, if well and religiously exerted, may produce immense effect in hastening the salvation of perishing sinners near them. Let every young convert try to save as many souls as possible, and as soon as possible, and then how the beauty of holiness will be seen to shine forth in every grade of society. And will not multitudes of our neighbors be eter-

nally lost if this is not done immediately?

We understand that Dr. and Mrs. Palmer are very grateful to Almighty God for the success of their labors in this town, and regret that they must terminate with the service to-night. It is to be hoped that those who have not heard them, will try to do so at this last moment. What a happy month has this been! Hundreds who attended the Wesleyan Chapel last Sabbath, will be sorrowful that they leave us *so soon*. Mr. Thomas's excellent sermon on "Heavenly Citizenship," in the morning, and the hallowed feeling pervading the congregations, during the addresses of our beloved friends, in the afternoon and evening, made it a glorious day. While we very reluctantly part with them, we would devoutly commend them, and the youth their son, who is with them, to God, and pray that their success at Gateshead, to which they go next, may be a thousandfold greater than in Penrith; and these revivals of religion, now going on in different parts of the earth, may continue and increase, —

"Till the whole world again shall rest,
And see its paradise restored,
Then every soul in Jesus blest,
Shall bear the image of its Lord
In finished holiness renewed,
Immeasurably filled with God."

[Original.]

DIVINE JOY.

Oh! e'en the seraphim above,
Whose spirits glow with ardent love,
A purer rapture scarce can know
Than that I've tasted here below.
Oh, bliss supreme! Oh, joy divine!
That I am Christ's and he is mine!
My soul is filled with strange delight;
And as from Heaven's own throne of light
I seem to catch a passing ray,
Earth from my vision fades away.
The feverish joys I've tasted there,
Temptation, trial, grief, and care,
The cup I drank, the cross I bore,
All, all remembered now no more;
Heaven with its glories seems so near,
And Jesus to my soul so dear.

RUTH.

FAREWELL TO DR. AND MRS. PALMER.

THERE was a large attendance at the Wesleyan Chapel, Penrith, on Tuesday evening last, for the purpose of taking an affectionate farewell of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. The usual devotional services were gone through, and many went up to the communion rail, seeking the divine blessing. Towards the close of the service, the Rev. G. Greenwood addressed the audience. He said he had a resolution to propose, to which he had no doubt they would all heartily respond. He was sure they had all enjoyed the services held in the chapel, during the month, which had been attended with great blessing to many. Whoever might be the instruments employed in promoting the salvation of souls, nothing could be done without the help of the Great Head of the church; and they must all remember the language of St. Paul, to the Corinthian church, "So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase." While, however, every one must thankfully admit that the salvation of souls was the work of God alone, still there must be the hearty and honest co-operation of man, and he recognized with great pleasure and gratitude that this had been rendered, with untiring zeal and liberality by ministers, office-bearers, and members of the society, from every part of the circuit, who had all deserved well of the church of Christ. He could not allow this opportunity to pass without expressing his thanks; he was sure they would all join with him, to Mr. Pattinson, and the members of his family, for the very kind manner in which they had come forward to entertain Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, — they were entitled to all praise. Still, they would all readily admit that the principal instruments, in this great revival of religion, were their honored and beloved friends from Amer-

ica. He would, therefore, now move, and he did it with all his heart, —

"That the cordial and unanimous thanks of this meeting be affectionately presented to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer for their very important and triumphant labors amongst us, in bringing sinners to Christ, during the last four weeks."

The Rev. John Wesley Thomas seconded the resolution in a very animated speech. He said he had never risen to perform a duty with greater pleasure; it might seem unusual that a resolution like the present should be moved and seconded in a religious assembly, — but the occasion was extraordinary. They were not like the blind idolaters of old, who said, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men," but he remembered that the same apostle who had rejected the sacrifice which the ignorant heathen would have offered, said of his Christian brethren, when writing to a certain church, "They glorified God in me." He (Mr. Thomas) had witnessed several revivals of religion; but he had never seen one in which so much power was associated with so much order. He had seen little or nothing like confusion. What he had witnessed gave him a more vivid idea of what must have occurred in the primitive times of Christianity, and in the early days of Methodism. Indeed, he had seldom experienced anything so much like heaven, as within the last month, during which these services had been in progress. He hoped they would all strive to meet their beloved friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, in heaven. He was sure that the sympathies of all present would follow them wherever they went, nor would they be severed from them in affection by interposing mountains or oceans.

The motion having been cordially supported by Mr. Westmorland, was put to the meeting, and carried by acclamation. The Rev. G. Greenwood then formally presented the thanks of the congregation to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, when the worthy Dr. expressed, in behalf of Mrs. P. and

himself, their high sense of the kindness thus shown them, and said they had never felt more happy in any place than they had done in Penrith. He was truly thankful for this expression of their approval, but his greatest reward would be in meeting the whole of his beloved friends in heaven. He trusted he and his dear wife would be present at the heavenly coronation of many of them. Some, now present, might be in glory before they were, but they hoped to be there to welcome the rest, and to see them crowned "kings and priests unto God." Dr. and Mrs. Palmer then gave some valuable advice as to the future conduct of those who had recently become the servants of Christ, and concluded a series of the most successful religious services ever held in Penrith.

On Saturday noon these devoted servants of Christ left Penrith for Gateshead, where they are at present laboring. Several of the friends accompanied them to the railway station, and parted from them with regret. They conducted religious services in the large Wesleyan Chapel, at Gateshead, on Sunday, and were favored with overflowing congregations. — *Penrith Chronicle*, May 1.

INSTANTANEOUS SANCTIFICATION.—
 "See that you hold fast the beginning of your confidence steadfast unto the end. And how soon may you be made a partaker of sanctification. And not only by a slow and insensible growth in grace, but by the power of the highest overshadowing you in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, so as utterly to abolish sin and renew you in his whole image. If you are simple of heart, if you are willing to receive the heavenly gift as a little child, without reasoning, why may you not receive it now? He is nigh that sanctifieth; he is with you; he is knocking at the door of your heart." — *Rev. John Wesley to Miss Cooke, afterwards Mrs. Adam Clarke*. Vide *Wesley's Works*, vol. vii. p. 199.

[Original.]

I WAS NOT READY.

BY MRS. F. E. IRVINE.

FROM MY DIARY.

"JESUS, can I *never* be,
 Firmly grounded upon thee?"

I was not ready. And I am quite sure that my friend called just to give me an opportunity to converse with her upon the subject of *entire* sanctification. She heard me speak in "Love Feast" last Sabbath, and I noticed how *interested* she looked.

But oh! *I was not ready* to improve the opportunity. I had been so tempted, so *hurried* all the morning; and just before she called everything seemed to combine to frustrate me. A——, my girl, was so heedless, the children wilful and disobedient, the baby fretful, and I had *so much to do*. It seemed to me I could resist *no longer*, and I yielded; spoke hastily to A——, and punished J—— too severely. And when sister M—— called I felt more like getting away alone in my closet, and *weeping* before the Lord, than like trying to be social and to benefit my friend.

Oh how my heart does ache, at the remembrance of that lost opportunity! for I do know Jesus *can* save to the uttermost; yes, *even me*, feeble and wavering as I am. I feel God forgives me, and the blood of Jesus is applied to wash away *even this stain*; but can I ever forgive myself?

Oh, to think, if I had been ready, I might have presented some thought that would have been a great help to sister M——, in apprehending what it is her privilege to enjoy. Her mind is awakened, and I feel this is the time to make effort to enable her to see the better way. She has been satisfied with her experience but a short period at a time. And then, she looked so disappointed. I really fear the consequence of her finding me so hurried. I fear it will prejudice her mind, and she will settle down again as indifferent as

ever. Oh, then, what a loss the cause of Christ will sustain!

A lost opportunity! Oh, how it looms up before me! its effects, reaching forward through time into eternity, never to be recalled.

How necessary for the Christian *ever* to have his lamp trimmed and burning! — *ever to be ready*, — to be instant “*in season and out of season*.” With this sense of deficiency resting upon me, what could I do had I not a hiding-place!

“But lo! from *sin*, and *grief*, and *shame*,
I *hide me*, Jesus, in thy *name*.”

Boon Co., Ill.

[Selected.]

BRO. DEGEN: The following lines are from my scrap-book. No name is attached, and no date. Nothing to show *whose* heart-experience they tell. But they have so often enabled me, with renewed courage, “again my earthly cross to meet,” that I believe their insertion in the “Guide” would prove a blessing to others.

MRS. F. E. IRVINE.

Round Prairie, Feb. 27.

THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and felt the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me,
My trial-tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to his might
Who says, “We walk by faith, and not by sight;”
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, — My cross I cannot bear.

A solemn silence reigned on all around;
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,
One to whom all others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And “Follow me,” he said, “I am the way.”

Then, speaking thus, he led me far above;
And there, beneath a canopy of love,

Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold;
A little one, with jewels set in gold;
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels, fair they were to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

This may not be, I cried, and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;
But one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering, I gazed, and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er

But oh! that form, so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair;
Sorrowing, I said, — This cross I cannot bear.

Ah no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That he who knows me best shall choose for me;
And so, whatever his love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best because he knows the end.

And so it was with each and all around;
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, “No cross, no crown.”

At length, to him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart;
“Be not afraid,” he said, “but trust in me;
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee.”

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned my earthly cross to meet
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found, of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,
The only one of all the many there,
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again.

But oh, how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

[Original.]

EVIDENCES OF THE SANCTIFIED STATE.

Concluded from the March Number.

2. *The witness of our own spirit.* If entire holiness exists in *fact*, it will also exist in its appropriate *fruit*. The consecrated life will blend in sweetest harmony with the living experience, while each will lend to the other the brightest lustre and the greatest strength. "The fruits of the Spirit," in their rich maturity, must be found where *purity* dwells; nor will they be overlooked by him who walks in such sunlight as this. Instance the following points.

(1.) *Perfect faith.* As his views of God are now far more truthful and extended than ever before, it is natural to conclude that his faith would correspond in its increase of clearness and strength. Besides, the mightiest obstacle to its vigorous exercise is now removed, in the destruction of inbred sin. If the heart has been emptied of all its lurking foes, *unbelief* has gone with the rest, and the purified soul reposes with unwavering confidence on the bosom of sovereign Love! The word of God, including its promises and threatnings, its prohibitions and injunctions, will now have supreme authority over the mind and heart. A "Thus saith the Lord" outweighs a thousand human conjectures. Such faith may be considered not only an act but a state. There is an habitual loathing of sin and a constant cleaving to God. The inclination, the *bent* of the soul has been reversed. The heart no longer flies off after every rainbow-allurement, nor becomes troubled by the sound of every passing breeze. It is settled and fixed in God. Creatures no more divide the choice of such a one, for he "bids them all depart." He has a faith that lifts his soul to God, and unites it to him in a bond more strong and sacred than aught besides. With the treasures

of the universe pledged for his support, and unlimited power pledged for his defence, there is no room for distrust. The future may be unknown to him, and it may be strewn with crosses, toils, and sorrows, but the supervision of all is with his *Father* and *Friend*, and this excludes all fear in reference to the contingencies and ills of life.

(2.) *Perfect meekness and patience.* The sanctified soul may expect disappointments, provocations, and insults, but there will be no motion of anger within, for its roots have been extracted. He may, indeed, feel a strong aversion to a given act or course of conduct, and this he must do, if his heart beats in sympathy with the God who "cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance." Nay, this aversion may often rise to a strong feeling of *indignation*, such as the Saviour felt when "he looked on the people with anger," but no feeling of revenge can be excused or harmonized with inward holiness. Kindness must be returned for injuries, and a melting compassion felt for those who persecute alike our Master and us. We *hate the sin* with all our heart, yet still the *sinner love*. But it is not enough that real anger is allowed no place; — if we are wholly cleansed, a fretful, impatient spirit will be neither seen nor felt. Our plans may fail, our prospects be blighted, our friends removed, our foes increased, our vexations multiplied, yet great will be our peace, "and nothing shall offend" us. A heavenly disposition will possess us, enabling us to say in every emergency, "Thy will be done." A brief quotation from Mr. Wesley will further illustrate this point.

"2. By what 'fruit of the Spirit' may we 'know that we are of God,' even in the highest sense?"

"A. By love, joy, peace, always abiding; by invariable long-suffering, patience, resignation; by gentleness, triumphing over all provocation; by goodness, mildness,

sweetness, tenderness of spirit; by fidelity, simplicity, godly sincerity; by meekness, calmness, evenness of spirit; by temperance, not only in food and sleep, but in all things natural and spiritual."

(3.) *Perfect humility.* All aspirations after honor are destroyed. No more desire exists for personal show or popular praise. The heart sickens at the vain glitter and pompous parade of a sinful world, and turns instinctively away. The tendency of commendation is, not to inflate the soul with vanity, but to wither it into retirement and shame. The perfect Christian is dead to the world, and hence weaned from those very objects that once possessed so many and such bewitching charms. Why should he desire them now, since he carries in his heart a perfect Saviour from sin, with whom he has become joint-heir to immortal possessions? Surely he whose soul is the casket of the richest treasure in all God's universe has no need, and will have no disposition to adorn his body with the trashy ornaments of gold and brass and galvanized pewter!

(4.) *Perfect love.* This is the essence of Christian perfection. Love is the central luminary of the graces,—"the sovereign of the rest." A perfection of this may be said to imply the maturity of every other. All Christianity is love. "The heaven of heavens is love." God himself is love. And when he empties a human heart and then fills up all the void with himself, that heart is *filled with love*; not theoretically or theologically, but *really and consciously* so. The purified soul *feels* the flow of love, more deep and rich and steady than ever before. He breathes an atmosphere of purity, and is conscious that his entire inner being has been cleansed and harmonized by the Lord himself. Such love as this cannot live without being felt. It kindles a fire on the heart that diffuses itself through the entire being, moistening the spirit, inflaming the emotions, energizing the soul.

He who possesses it cannot but be happy. A perennial fountain of joy bubbles up in his soul to refresh and bless him at every step of his heavenward journey. He has a love that fuses icebergs, breaks the flinty rock, and rejoices in the very furnace of affliction. It "casts out fear and purifies the heart." No threats can daunt it,—no malignity can crush it,—no foes can conquer it. It lives and glows and expands amid all the fluctuations and adversities of life. In the bright morning of prosperity, it bows low at the foot of the cross, and from its attitude of lowliness looks smilingly up into the face of Jesus, and pours forth its adoring gratitude to the Giver of every blessing. In the evening of clouds and crosses, it meekly kisses the rod of affliction and rejoices in the privilege of suffering the will of him who is "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." When among the deeply devoted, it enjoys a *feast* of affection, and nerves itself more strongly for coming conflicts. When among the foes of Jesus, it dares to deal *faithfully* with their souls, by exhorting, warning, entreating, or reproving, as the case may seem to demand. Love does not always wear *smiles*, nor exhibit the softness of a fawning sycophant. It has frowns for sin, and withering denunciations for recklessness and rebellion. Its rebukes, however, are administered without any vengeful feeling. While it utters the ungarnished truth, it is only for the honor of Jesus and the good of souls. Hence appears the difference between the fidelity and earnestness of intensified love, and a spirit of real censoriousness. Those who are sometimes accused of "sour godliness" are manifestly in many instances the truest friends of God and human souls. Their love is too deep to allow a guilty world to slumber on over a convulsing volcano of wrath, without raising the note of alarm to sting the conscience and stir the heart. But we must stop. It implies a great deal to be all redeemed. When the work is

really accomplished we have no doubt the evidence will be clear. If the above hints shall assist any in solving the problem of their experience, we shall be amply rewarded for our effort to spread the light.

A. A. PHELPS.

Lima, N. Y., April 9, 1860.

[Original.]

THE WAY OF FAITH, THE WAY OF LIFE.

BY MRS. M. W. RUSSELL.

MUCH has been said and written about that simple word *faith*. The term is as familiar as household words; the Bible is replete with examples of living faith, and yet the Christian world has but a faint idea of the depth of meaning it conveys. It is true the sinner exercises faith when with deep contrition of soul he bows at the feet of Jesus and receives the pardon of his sins, but it is faith in its incipiency, rather than its maturity. The more mature Christian exercises faith in a much higher degree, when, discovering his need of more of the life and power of God, he launches out into that boundless ocean of pure love, where all the wants and desires of the soul are lost in his inexhaustible fulness. And still there are heights and depths in that single word that he has not yet reached or fathomed. One writer has said, that "faith is the light of the soul," and that "the conditions of that light are, that it shines in the dark." We should have but a faint, or an indefinite idea of faith, if we were on the mount of holy joy all the time. But lest we should forget the Giver in the abundance of his gifts, he seems to withdraw his sensible presence at times, that we may grow stronger by testing what faith we have. "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold, may be found unto praise and honor, at the coming of our Lord." The command is, "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him." Now

it is by faith that we receive Christ, and consequently, it is by faith that we are to walk in him. The soul that is justified, may, in the absence of those lively emotions it at first enjoyed, be led to think it is not, after all, converted; and the tempter, who is ever busy trying to undermine the Christian's hope, may, in hours of trial and temptation, say to one who has consecrated all to the Lord, — You have not the blessing of perfect love, because you have not the same emotions you once had. Emotions are nothing in themselves. Religion does not consist in emotions. The basis of true religion is a fixed purpose to do the will of God; without this there can be little or no progress. Our Saviour says, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." He may not be called to do any great things any more than Naaman the Syrian, but he is to be willing to do what the Lord would have him do. He may, to the casual observer, seem to be an idler in the vineyard; his little deeds of kindness may pass unnoticed, or his words of love and consolation may not be heard by any save the one to whom they are addressed; but if his prayer is, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do,—he is conscious of doing the will of his heavenly Father, "which is all that man or angels can do."

The truly devoted Christian is often pained in seeing how wickedness abounds, and crime stalks abroad at noonday, yet he remembers that it is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord," that these things are to be done away. He does not mourn because he cannot remove these seeming obstacles to the progress of Christ's kingdom, but he feels his own weakness, and labors in his own sphere where the Lord has placed him, being willing to know the Lord's will, and to do it. Some are desirous of becoming great in the Lord's kingdom, of doing some great thing for Christ; and

although their zeal is commendable in one sense, nevertheless there is a vein of selfishness underlying it which fails to give all the glory to God. We need to be brought very low in the vale of humility, to feel our own weakness, before we can comprehend those words of our Saviour, "without me ye can do nothing." Then we shall be willing to do the ordinary duties of life, and although little and unknown, we are conscious of our acceptance with God, and feel that our feet are placed on the rock Christ Jesus, and not on the slippery sands of time and circumstance.

But to return to our subject. We have said that religion did not consist in emotions, although they are given to encourage us at the commencement of our Christian voyage, and are felt to some extent throughout the Christian life; yet they should not guide us any more than the waves of the sea should guide a vessel that is sailing for a distant port. It has a chart and a compass which it follows in order to gain the desired haven; so the Christian has a chart, the word of God, and a compass, which is a fixed purpose to do his will, and be his course rough or smooth, he is sure to reach the haven of everlasting rest. Abraham was called the Father of the Faithful, because he believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness. He was called to go out into a land that he knew not, and he went out, not knowing whither he went; but he relied upon that wisdom that was higher than his own, and left an example for us to follow,—that of implicit obedience. He has said, "I will lead thee in a way thou knowest not, into paths thou hast not known; I will make darkness light before thee, and crooked things straight; these things will I do, and not forsake thee." He has promised that his Spirit shall "lead us into all truth, and when ye turn to the right hand, or to the left, you shall hear a voice behind you saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." Then let us be

willing to walk by faith, relying upon the promises; and although the way may seem dark, yet the Lord hath said, "I will dwell in the thick darkness." (1 Kings, 8-12.) Then we shall have the strength of the oak to brave the adverse winds of time and circumstance; and can say with the Psalmist, "He hath set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

"The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath."

Boston, March, 1860.

The following little gem is sent us in MS. by the author, with the candid statement that it has been published before. It will bear to be published and read frequently.

ALONE YET NOT ALONE.

BY E. L. E.

ALONE, yet not alone am I,
Beneath the calm and silent sky;
'Tis still as mountain solitudes,
Where voice is not, nor step intrudes,
No heart-throbs here, gleams out no eye:
Alone, yet not alone, am I.

A Presence actual as the heart,
From whence my own life's motions start;
A Being real, though unseen.
More true than trace where form hath been,
A spirit to my soul is nigh:
Alone, yet not alone, am I.

On holy ground I seem to tread,
A pure, calm, glory o'er my head;
A fearful sweetness breathes around,
A voice I hear without a sound,
While here in heaven's communion high,
Alone, yet not alone, am I.

I ask no favor, feel no want,
Content with bliss, nor poor, nor scant,
Serene, submissive, waiting still,
The motion of a sovereign will:
Attended less if crowds were nigh,
Alone, yet not alone, am I.

O thus to feel through every sense,
Omniscience and omnipotence!
O thus all other joys above
To know that power is only love!
My lowly heart, how blest to cry,
Alone, yet not alone, am I.

Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser; teach a just man, and he will increase in learning.—*Proverbs*, ix. 9.

[Original.]

EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. E. W. BEARD.

I WAS powerfully converted to God, December 28, 1854. The time, the place, and the circumstances, are written upon my memory, never to be erased, in time nor eternity. So powerful was the baptism of the Spirit which I then received, that my soul was not only filled, but my whole being seemed pervaded with the divine influence. And if there be such a thing as entire sanctification in and at the same moment with justification, — which to me seems doubtful, — I have reason to believe that I was then made partaker of both blessings. Whether it were the former or both, it was all that the body seemed capable of containing. If it were both, I did not long retain the latter, as my following experience will show.

Nearly one year *previous* to my conversion, the memoir of Carvosso fell into my hands, and, while perusing its contents, I became convinced that he was a model Christian; and I very much desired to be like him, which led me to carefully observe the manner in which he was by the Spirit led into the way of all truth. He speaks of his conversion as being genuine beyond a doubt; and for the space of three months he floated upon the sea of redeeming love. After this, his peace was disturbed by inward enemies, which began to make no small stir. And upon due examination, he discovered the roots of sin were still remaining in his heart. "Alas!" he says, "what a work was to be done!" He then fled to the word of God, as the man of his counsel, and, unaided by any human agency, found the promises of full salvation, — claimed the fulfilment of the same, and was made the happy recipient of perfect love. From that time his holy march seemed onward, ever walking in the path that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Scores of believers were led into the shin-

ing way by the light which he reflected, while thousands of sinners were pierced to the heart by the burning accents which fell from his inspired lips.

Such was the piety of the now sainted Carvosso, and such was the piety that I desired when I became a seeker.

Nothing seemed more detestable to me than a half-hearted or backslidden Christian, — many of which were then living around me. Why so many of the professed children of God walked like unto the children of disobedience, had to me been a mystery. I had learned from the Bible and the sacred desk that it was the duty and privilege of Christians to grow better, wiser, and happier, as they advanced in life; and most certainly, I thought, if this were true, every Christian would guard against sin, and secure all the means calculated for their advancement in the spiritual race. But, alas! few, comparatively, seemed to embrace this privilege. And if religion made men happy, as many of these had often declared, why did they not labor for more of it, recommend it, and exhibit it in their daily walk? This was a question in my mind, unanswered until my eyes fell upon the above portion of Carvosso's experience. This explained it. They remained in the arbor of their first love until they fell asleep; during which time they were shorn of their strength by the enemy, and chained down with unbelief. If they had, like Carvosso, left the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, and gone on to perfection, they might, like him, have been living epistles, known and read of all men.

With these views, I had determined to be an Israelite indeed, in whose heart there should be no guile. Consequently, when I became a seeker of religion, nearly a year afterwards, I had the two doctrines, *i.e.* justification and sanctification, blended into one, and, without regard to names and distinctions, I sought for both in one. My idea was, that if the work were

thoroughly done, all inward causes of sin would be removed.

Thus, after having one thorough baptism of the Spirit, lest there should remain some roots of bitterness in my heart, I repeated the exercise of faith several times within the same hour, each time receiving the baptism of fire. For many days after, a deep, deep peace reigned throughout my entire borders. The trial of my faith came at last; but the Lord provided a way of escape, and my joy was again restored. But the enemy soon returned, and attacked my fortification with renewed fury; and after a short but severe battle I succeeded, by the help of divine grace, in putting the enemy to flight.

For several weeks after this, my experience was vacillating, being much harassed with vain thoughts and unholy desires, which, in spite of my efforts, sometimes gained the ascendancy. In the mean time, I again read memoirs of Carvosso and Hester Ann Rogers, from which I received much light and encouragement. I then began to seek and pray for a clean heart, as being a distinct blessing. I was not long counting the cost of a holy life, as I had from the beginning felt that it would be

“Worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.”

When this was done, I consciously laid my all, without any reserve, upon the altar that sanctifieth the gift; nor had it been there long, ere the heavenly fire descended, and scattered its refining influence throughout my entire being. The baptism that I then received was in every manner similar to that that I had before received; likewise the feelings that immediately followed, which were peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. I was then conscious, beyond a doubt, that the work was complete.

Soon after, I changed my place of residence, and finding myself surrounded with professors who knew nothing of this great

salvation by experience, I did not deem it best to profess it, — consequently, soon ceased to enjoy it.

Six months did I live in this dreary state, but not without occasional seasons of light and rejoicing; for ardently did I strive to grow up into Christ.

About this time I returned to the place where I had been converted; and, while on my journey, I reconsecrated myself to God, and again received a tangible evidence of my entire acceptance in the beloved. And O, what a deep, sweet peace followed this act of faith! My joy was not rapturous, but the deep, speechless awe that dares not move. Oh, what views did I then have of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the misery of the half-hearted Christians! Having now learned some of the devices of Satan, I was fully determined that he should not again decoy me into his snare.

For five years, which have since passed swiftly by, not a day has there been in which I have not chosen Christ above my chief joy. I have indeed had many dark hours; have frequently grieved the blessed Spirit; but I have always found Christ a faithful advocate. The rigid discipline that I have undergone, has better prepared me for a sphere of usefulness than I otherwise could have been. For one year past, my trials and hours of darkness have been very few, and most of the time my peace has been like a river. Glory be to God, he fills my soul from day to day, and gives me such views of my infirmities and my utter dependence upon him, that I dare not for one moment look away from Christ. Oh, how my soul yearns for the universal spread of this glorious doctrine! While I stand upon the shores of time, I will not cease to proclaim it to a dying world.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the Holy is understanding.—*Proverbs ix. 10.*

[Original.]

THE IMPORTANCE OF FAITH.

BY M. A. WALDRON.

IN consideration of what has already been said and written upon the all-important subject of faith by persons of deep experience and superior talent, it is with feelings of great delicacy that I attempt to make any remarks upon it. Still I desire, by grace divine, to cast in my mite, if such it may be esteemed, by way of encouragement and instruction to those who may be seeking to enter

"The land of rest from inbred sin."

The Apostle plainly affirms that he, (or whoever) cometh unto God must believe, first, that he is, and secondly, that he is a rewarder of all them that diligently seek him. As we do not question for a moment that all who have in any degree tasted the joys of his salvation believe in the existence of our supreme Lord, we deem it quite unnecessary to dwell on this point, but would pause a moment to lift up our heart to God that he would bless the few remarks made in much weakness, to the lasting benefit of some soul. The Bible informs us that "without faith it is impossible to please God." Now, if we are sincere seekers after truth, and desire to become his faithful followers, we certainly wish to please him. The question then arises, What is faith? St. Paul says, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" and again, "For we are saved by hope; but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." Thomas said, "Except I see in his hands the prints of the nails, and put my fingers into the prints of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." But how did our blessed Saviour meet this assertion? "Jesus saith unto him, Thomas," (as if he had said, O Thomas, how could you be so faithless?) "because thou hast

seen me, thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." How cutting this reproof to Thomas, and yet is it not to be feared that there are many Thomases of this present day, who are waiting for some visible manifestation of God's presence, who are saying, "Who shall ascend into the heavens that is to bring Christ down, or who shall descend into the deep," &c. But what saith it? "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart." "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." We would notice again what are we required to believe. We are to believe that "he is a rewarder of all who diligently seek him." Mark the term; it is not written, he will be a rewarder, &c., but it is given in the present tense, "he is a rewarder," &c. But to whom does the Apostle say he is a rewarder? Why, to them "who *diligently* seek him." Now, to diligently seek for an object, we must make it our main business. This is illustrated by Luke xv. 8. "Either what woman, having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?" And now, if we have been enabled by the light of eternal truth to search our hearts, and are willing and desirous, above all things, to have God wash away our sins, we may venture upon the blood of atonement. Jesus says, "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Oh, what a blessed promise! And do we not greatly dishonor him while we say, "Oh! I'm afraid to venture; I fear he will not accept me just now." Others say, "Oh! I hardly dare get this blessing, I fear so much I cannot retain it." Let me beseech you to leave that event with God, and be assured that "he is able to keep that which we have committed unto him." If he can keep us from sinning one minute, why not an hour? if an hour, why not a day? The inspired writer says, "he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." But to return

to the subject of God's willingness to save us.

When our blessed Saviour wandered up and down upon our earth, bestowing his blessings on those who would receive them, and when approached by any with a request to be delivered from the plagues which sin had brought upon the human race, did he ever bid any wait, saying, "You have not suffered enough yet," or "You are too vile to approach me?" Oh, no! he said at once, "I will, be thou clean. Thy faith hath saved thee," &c. Oh, the unbounded love of God! How unspeakable his goodness! If we could only make that blessed promise of our Saviour ours, (Mark xi. 24,) "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them," our mourning would soon turn to joy unspeakable and full of glory. Then we could sing,

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done."

Permit me to give a brief sketch of my religious experience, in confirmation of the above. For thirteen years I have been trying in much weakness to follow the Saviour. For the most of that time I lived as I fear too many do, scarcely knowing whether I had religion or not. I hoped I was a Christian, and at times enjoyed a small degree of God's love, but I was not satisfied with that state of things. I felt it was not as it should be. About three years ago it pleased God to let me deeply feel

"'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

And after a pretty severe struggle he enabled me to make a full surrender of all into his blessed hands for time and eternity. It was some days before I could venture fully on Christ, but I was enabled to come to the point at last. He did accept the sacrifice, and, blessed be God, he was as good as his word; and although I

have to lament that I have not made that advancement in the divine life that I might have done, yet by grace I am still enabled to hold on by faith, and I expect by and by to come off *more* than conqueror, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the blood-washed company around our Father's throne.

Parma, N. Y.

[Original.]

MY HEAVENLY HOME.

AIR — "*My Mountain Home.*"

BY MIRA.

My home, my everlasting home,
I now by faith behold;
With glory bright, its gates of pearl,
And streets of purest gold.
From fleeting joys, and care of earth,
Tho' distant, — 'tis my home;
The purchase of my Saviour's love;
My own, my heavenly home.

For me those gates are open wide,
Jesus hath all things done;
His blood hath made my garments white,
Like those worn near the throne:
By sinners, saved from sin on earth.
Now safe in heaven, — at home,
I hope ere long, to join them there;
My own, my heavenly home.

I like heaven's everlasting hills,
My Jesus dwelleth there;
His praise, heaven's sweetest song, I sing;
The joys of heaven I share.
I stand where Moses stood, and look,
O'er death's cold wave and foam;
And feel that death is endless gain:
My own, my heavenly home.

There shall be no more sea; no wave
Shall ever bear away,
And friend, from kindred friend, divide,
Through all heaven's endless day;
"Our Father's" family, shall dwell
In safety, none shall roam.
From that united household there:
My own, my heavenly home.

No more, for aye! — tears, death, and pain:
Hushed, all earth's noise and strife;
In endless rest, eternal peace,
And everlasting life.
A "mansion," Jesus' love prepares.
Angels are whispering — "Come!"
I catch the sound, and long to go:
My own, my heavenly home.

Charlottetown, P. E. I. Sept. 15, 1859.

[Original.]

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS," AN INCIDENT OF EXPERIENCE.

BY S. C. TURNER.

YEARS ago, when, a stranger in a strange land, sickness came, bringing me to the verge of the grave, and in full view of the eternal world, for a few days I lay unconscious of the ravages of the destroyer, with no thought of either life or death, prayer or praise, heaven or hell. When one night I awoke, with a bursting sound in my ears, and a sinking down, an unfathomable depth, and a slight tremor, resembling the last struggles of a departing spirit. With a full sense then of my true condition, I said, Can this be my entrance into the eternal future? Is it possible, that thus I awake into the arms of death? I desire sufficient time to collect my thoughts and examine myself before God. But if it be thy will, O Lord, to take me hence now, prepare me, oh, prepare me for the solemn change! For years I have tried to serve thee, but oh how imperfectly! For years I have prayed for an evidence of full conformity to thy will, but no power as yet has stilled the stirrings of inbred sin. And now I'm to be ushered thus suddenly, into the presence of the judge of quick and dead! Lord, I cast myself upon thy mercy,—no offering in my hand I bring,—the blood of Jesus is my only hope, my only plea. Thou only art able to cleanse the heart. With naked faith I cling to thee. And down, still farther down I seemed to sink, until all prayer, and thought, and feeling, were lost in unconsciousness. How many hours I lay thus, I know not, but when I awoke to consciousness and life, the Sabbath sun rose in the east in all its magnificence and glory, filling the whole house with its light and beauty. The presence of the Deity filled my room, and my soul rose up in prayer and silent praise, to

meet its God. I seemed to breathe the very atmosphere of that better land, and my astonished soul cried out, Can this be heaven? Surely I have verified the words, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." And each successive day my soul rose higher and higher, until I was lost in wonder, love, and praise. My gladdened heart ran out in strong desires to speak of Jesus' love, and I said, "Come, all ye who fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." But my father's wishes, and physician's orders with regard to "keeping quiet," on account of the low state to which my body had been prostrated by the disease, must be complied with, and I quietly acquiesced and pent up the outbursting of an over-freighted soul. And I said, O God, stay thy hand, for the cup runneth o'er. This heart will break with too much joy, if I speak not forth thy praise. Thus, a few days passed, and I felt the sweet influences of the Spirit gently withdrawing, and the fact that I was quenching the Spirit suddenly burst upon my mind. Then I lifted up my voice and wept. I cried aloud, O my Father, if I speak not forth the outbursts of a pent-up soul, this body, which has been so suddenly restored to life and health, will die. Oh, let them come, let them gather round my bed and fill my room, that I may make known the power of Jesus' love! At my repeated entreaties, a very few were admitted into my chamber. After I had spoken, I felt a return of those happy feelings with which I had been so abundantly blessed, and I said, O God, I will bless thee forever. "Surely I shall not be greatly moved, for under the shadow of thy wings will I seek my refuge. The Lord reigneth: let the earth rejoice." And with the return of health I verified the words, "they that trust in the Lord shall not be confounded."

Lagrange, Mo.

[Original.]

HENRY MOORE.

"The holy to the holiest leads."

"The kingdoms are but one."

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN: Another precious witness for Christ has been called home,—a witness who, under all circumstances of life, and who, on all admissible occasions, stood forth, fearlessly testifying to the power of the Holy Spirit, through Christ, to cleanse from all sin.

In his seventeenth year, our brother was deeply convinced of sin, and received a clear sense of pardon.

About ten months after, he was as deeply convinced that a still farther purification of his nature was necessary. He saw that something more than he had received was to be gained by a full answer to the prayer, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." And thus early in his youthful Christian career, he resolved to prove the extent of the glorious provisions of the gospel. After this purpose was really fixed, but a few days of temptation and earnest prayer ensued before he was enabled to fix his eye of faith on "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and rejoice in the blessed assurance of purity.

The course of our brother was now onward, and great was his joy in the Lord. Often, very often, have we heard him say, "Oh, how I love thy law!"

Perhaps it was not more truthfully said of Caleb, "He followed the Lord *fully*," than of Henry Moore. Holiness, wholeheartedness, was his constant theme. He delighted in using the strongest terms,—perfect love, sanctification, &c. His very countenance seemed an index to his character.

A few weeks since, at a reunion meeting, in the Allen st. M. E. Church, a local preacher, in relating his experience, said:

"Many years since, I came to this city a stranger; one Sabbath morning I started out to find a place of worship; while wandering through the streets, my eye rested on a man whose whole appearance seemed to say he was a Christian. My heart said, '*Follow him*'; where he bows to worship God, there will I worship.' He led me to *this* house, and that Christian, gentlemen, was Henry Moore."

Often have we heard his exhortation, "Stand up for Jesus." "Be a Christian through and through,—a Christian in all weathers."

Many vigorous disciples of Christ live to testify that our brother was peculiarly useful as a class-leader, which office he filled forty years.

A hint, in the form of testimony, may here be admitted. In early youth we were placed in the class of this good man. He immediately put into our hands Wesley's "Plain Account of Christian Perfection." Through this tract, and the teachings of this faithful leader, our mind was led to look at entire sanctification as a *distinct*, attainable blessing; a *blessing* which we believe has given stability to our Christian character for more than a score of years.

We would love to portray the hallowing influences of his example as he filled the varied offices of the church, Sabbath school, &c., but may not now.

A writer in the Missionary department of the Christian Advocate and Journal says: "Henry Moore, one of the corporate members of the Missionary Society, and a manager in the Board for nearly or quite thirty years, departed this life on the 15th day of February, a few minutes prior to the regular monthly meeting of the Board, which occurred on that day. For thirty years this man of God went in and out among his brethren, always watching with eager attention the reports of the secretary, and frequently inquiring, as news came from the missions at home and abroad, "How many have been converted?"

This inquiry of his can never be forgotten, for it came with a manner which convinced all that, whatever others might judge, in his opinion nothing was comparable to the salvation of souls. The *Missionary Advocate* was usually read all over and prayed all over by him, and we might say the same probably of his attention to the old *Methodist Magazine* and the *Advocate and Journal*, from the very beginning of their publication to the close of his life. On the 17th inst. we were in company with as great an assembly of "devout men who made lamentation over him," as ever we saw gathered together on such an occasion.

How many who read this will call to mind, as though it were but yesterday, his hearty, loving exhortations to his brethren, upon anniversary occasions of the *Missionary Society* to give liberally, saying: "Make investments in this stock, brethren; it pays the best interest of any thing I ever invested in!"

"He was a burning and a shining light, and put on zeal as a cloak," in the cause of Jesus Christ. He walked with wise men, and was wise; was diligent in all his calling, and did not stand before obscure men, but had his delight with the saints and with the excellent of the earth. "He loved pureness of heart, and for the grace of his lips the king was his friend."

To all our young friends in the missionary cause we desire to say, for their profit and learning, that although our deceased brother was never a rich man, yet he was always a liberal and cheerful giver; and we have no question that this element in his character largely contributed to congregate such an assembly of men in eminent position, as well as crowds of the poor — genuine mourners on this occasion — as was never seen on the occasion of the death of many a millionaire. "A good name is better than great riches."

For about forty years have we been marking this perfect man, and beholding

his upright cause. We have beheld him in the most severe trial. His was not always a sunny life, as to earthly good. Few have been permitted under more varied circumstances to test the power of "Him who always causeth us to triumph." In the most severe tests, have we seen that manly brow unmoved; and heard the triumphant exclamation, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock."

"The end of that man is peace."

Most joyously peaceful was the end of Henry Moore.

For months he was allowed to contend with a disease of the most *painful* and *depressing* character; yet so abounding were the victories of grace, that pages might be covered with expressions of triumph. The hallowing influence pervading his sick-room was often the subject of remark.

Language fails to convey any idea of his utter deprecation of *works* as meritorious; *Christ was all*. Grateful, loving friends would often refer to his active life, and the benefit derived from his faithfulness. He would invariably check them, and almost chidingly say, "Talk about *Jesus*, don't talk about Henry Moore; grace! grace! all of grace!" On one of these occasions, when the Rev. Dr. Bangs was present, the departing one said to him, Doctor, you will probably speak at my funeral; do not talk about *Henry Moore*, but speak from this text, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy, — He hath saved us." Long will the heavenly influence of our last interview rest on our minds, as we stood at the bedside of the departing saint, — thinking him too feeble to recognize us; but the languid eye gathered lustre, — the feeble voice exclaimed, "Glory to God! Glory to God!" and with an intimation to be understood, said to us, "Praise the Lord!" From our hearts we did praise the Lord, using the words of our sweet song, "Glory to the Lamb!" when the almost angelic voice united and

sung, "Glory to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb!" "I have overcome, through the blood of the Lamb!"

One asked if he would like to die shouting. He replied, "I should love to spend my latest breath in proclaiming salvation, salvation free! salvation full! salvation complete!" It is thought "salvation complete" were his last clearly articulated words.

Thus passed from our ranks this purified spirit to the paradise of God, — to await the glorious resurrection, and take its place amid those that "shine as the brightness of the firmament." Our brother left us in his 63d year, — a bright light removed from our earthly constellation! But "the *memory* of the just is blessed."

S. A. LANKFORD.

N. Y., April 10, 1860.

[Original.]

HINTS ON HOLY LIVINGS, FROM MY EXPERIENCE.

BY CAROLINE C. ALLEY.

HAVING for a long time been interested in the subject of "entire holiness," and for a number of years past enjoying its purifying and soul-stirring effects in my own heart, perhaps I should not be doing right, longer to withhold my testimony from the "Guide."

I was converted when in my twelfth year, and had a bright evidence of my acceptance with God, but in consequence of a continual shrinking from the "cross," and living in the neglect of duty, I lost the enjoyment, though not the desire, to be a whole-hearted Christian. To come to this point was my purpose. Sometimes, when almost on the verge of a decision, one thing would be presented to my mind, which it appeared to me I could not do, if I lost my soul; that was, praying in my school, (as I was a teacher.) Years passed on, till I felt that a decision must be made, or I must give up the idea for-

ever, of being a Christian. The crisis was near at hand; it was live or die, and that, too, quickly. At that important period of my life, I was enabled to decide that I would bear the cross, the neglect of which had so long kept me from Christ. I commenced praying in my school, after which other duties were comparatively easy. In the spring of 1850, following, I sought more earnestly the blessing of perfect love, and consecrated all to God, as well as I knew how; but being ignorant of the simple way of faith, I did not obtain my heart's desire; though I made some advancement.

Time passed on till the spring of '53, when I began to enjoy more of God's presence than ever before. For about four months I had almost constant communion with God; hardly a trial or temptation came across my path. While passing so smoothly on, I began to trust in my own strength, though I did not realize it at the time. So strong did I feel, that I made the remark once or twice, that I thought nothing in the world could change me from my purpose. Almost immediately, I began to fall, by giving way to little perplexities that would come up in school; having felt so safe, it had a tendency to discourage me, and I continued yielding to little trials, till at last I began to yield to temptations, and consented in heart to known sin, thinking God would forgive me, as he had done in the past. How bitter the sting of thus consenting deliberately to sin against God! Tears of anguish could not atone. In this state of mind I returned to Kent's Hill Seminary, where I had formerly been attending school; at the same time, I had felt impressed that I should be called to a particular work in the vineyard of the Lord, and felt the importance of being qualified for the same, in heart, as well as intellect. I began more fully to realize from whence I had fallen. I felt more deeply than ever the need of the "keeping power." A sad lesson of experience had taught me

that nothing, save the power of God, could keep me. With all the energies of my soul I began to seek for a clean heart, and my inward corruptions were laid open to my view. Such desires filled my soul as I had never had any conception of before; a hungering and thirsting after God! Most keenly, too, did I feel the sting of sin, and was tempted to believe that by yielding knowingly to sin, I had voluntarily given myself up to the enemy of my soul, and he was exercising full power over me. Thus, I was suffered to feel some of the realities of a lost spirit. Almost driven to despair, I struggled on week after week, trying to conquer my foes, till at last, in the agony of my soul, I cried out, Here Lord, save me any way. At that moment, in the twinkling of an eye, there was a yielding up of self, soul and body, into the hands of the Lord. Previously to this, in all my efforts for a clean heart, I had been trying to do the work myself and conquer my foes. From that time I was accepted as a living sacrifice. Something like six months passed away before I dared to say that the Lord had sanctified my heart, and yet I dared not say the work was not accomplished, for fear of denying what God had done for me. During those months I was conscious of a closer walk with God, than I had ever experienced before. Truly, I could say that I was a pilgrim and a stranger, seeking a city out of sight. At about the close of the six months referred to, while in company with a brother in Christ, I asked him the following question, viz: "Do you think it possible for any one to enjoy the blessing of perfect love, without having the full assurance?" Before answering my question he asked if I had been seeking it. I told him I had, earnestly, the fall before, and related to him some of my experience, to which he replied, "I think you'll have to go back." From that moment my mind was carried back to some of the manifestations I had received; and I found I had

had some of the best evidences I could have asked for. Since that moment, I have never doubted the work in my heart, though at times my evidence has not been so bright as at others, but my life has been hid with Christ in God. "Entire holiness," has been my theme, and I can of a truth testify, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

Dresden, Me., April 26, 1860.

[Original.]

THE CONSECRATION.

BY C. W.

FATHER, here in the shadow of this wood
Which thou thyself hast reared, — this, thine own
temple,
I come to offer up my sacrifice.
Father, I lay my heart upon thine altar;
Accept, I pray, the gift, — 'tis all I have.
Unworthy though it be, sinful and weak,
Yet still I bring it thee, — 'tis thy command.
Hast thou not said, "Give me thy heart, thy life,
Thine *all*, a willing sacrifice?" O God,
I come, — I lay it all upon thine altar.
I've waited long; I've tried, Father, I've tried,
For many long and weary months to make
The offering worthy. I've wept and prayed;
Here in this grove I've knelt and cried in anguish
For a clean heart, till the cold mists of night
Have chilled my brow, and still in prayer I
wrestled.
But all in vain; nor cries, nor bitter tears,
Nor prayers, brought comfort to my burdened
soul,
Nor freed me from the power of inbred sin,
While heeding not the Spirit's gentle voice:
"My child, give me thy heart; I'll make it clean,
I'll hide it 'neath thy Saviour's righteousness;
Confide in me, thy Father, — believe my word;
Give me thy burdened, trembling heart, and
though
With sin it may be red like crimson now,
I'll make it white, I'll cleanse it with his blood."
Father, I yield. I now believe thy word.
Thou hast redeemed me, thou canst make me
clean.
Here now I lay me down, with all I have,
Or am, or e'er will be, a willing gift
Upon thine altar. Time, talent, friends, — *all, all*
Are thine, *forever thine*, and thou art *mine*.
Poor, weary, burdened heart, thou hast found
thy home
Within thy Saviour's bosom, no more to roam.
Father, I bless thy name for this sweet rest,
The rest from sin! 'Tis mine at last, — *I'm free*.

[Original.]

EPISTOLARY ILLUSTRATIONS
OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY DORA.

MY DEAR SISTER: It may not, perhaps, be unprofitable to express to you still farther, some ideas connected with the subject upon which we have been treating. I wish to tell you some things learned by experience, connected with temptation. This is a broad field, and I will not explore it fully, but only touch upon the most important points.

There is one truth that I learned at an early stage of my experience in the way of holiness, which has ever been of great importance to me, viz: *that temptation does not become sin until cherished in the heart.* It has to enter the mind, and mingle with the thoughts, in order to be perceived, but it leaves no contaminating influence there, unless there be first an *assent of the will.* Many individuals who are overwhelmed with grief by the entrance of sinful suggestions, blasphemous and wandering thoughts, and are led oftentimes to utterly cast away their confidence by reason of them, might be saved all this, did they but understand the difference between the solicitation to sin and the indulgence of sin. No one will attain to a state of grace beyond the power of temptation; but it is the privilege of the Christian to be in that blessed condition of mind where he can say, "The Prince of this world cometh, and findeth nothing in me to cherish and love his temptations." Yet this state is attained only by great self-denial and much interior crucifixion.

There will be inward foes, endangering the betrayal of the citadel, until, by the "baptism of fire," they are consumed, and the heart filled with the perfect love of God.

I believe that Christ does restore the *spiritual* nature of man to its original per-

fection in this life; but not his *physical* organization; that will be accomplished "at the resurrection of the just." I know that many would start back from this idea, and reject it at once; and perhaps you may look upon it with suspicion; but let us examine it briefly.

Man was sinless before the fall. Yet, although sinless, he had appetites and dispositions of mind liable to be acted upon and enticed into a sinful indulgence. Else what power in temptation? It would be no temptation to a man in the right possession of his mental faculties, and surrounded by everything calculated to make him happy, to be solicited to cast himself into the river, there to perish. If man had not possessed an ambitious disposition, would the statement, "Ye shall be as gods," etc., have had any influence upon his mind? This faculty of man's nature is not in itself sinful; it only becomes so when directed in a wrong channel, or when it leads the man to desire, and seek to attain, *out of God's order*, that which may in itself be right, if rightly obtained. Wisdom is good,—it is to be desired; but it must come to us through channels devised by God, having the signet of divine approval. Gold and silver are blessings when properly obtained, but become a curse when unlawfully procured.

Christ was *sinless*; but he was nevertheless a *man*, with man's dispositions, of "like passions," otherwise, how could he be tempted in "*all points*," like unto us? It was not until he *hungered* that Satan came with the temptation, "Command that these stones be made bread." If the Saviour were not hungry, would it be any temptation to solicit him thus? There was no sin in the appetite; but had he gratified it by unlawful means, then there would have been sin.

And now, take another point. Would there have been any force in the solicitation to worship the devil, (we do not suppose he assumed his true character when he came to the Saviour, any more

than now when he comes to us,) in order to obtain the kingdom of the world, with their splendor and glory, unless he possessed some *ambition*? We believe most fully, that while Christ had the divinity of a God, he also had "like passions" with man; and that Satan did act upon those various passions and appetites to entice them into a *sinful indulgence*, yet without any success.

And now, having overcome, and possessing all power to redeem man from his lost and fallen condition, we believe that he restores man's perverted, depraved mind back to its original condition; he re-instamps upon it his own image, and by thus forming Christ within him by his power, he enables man to overcome, even as he himself has overcome.

And now I ask you again, not to look at the imperfect examples of Christian character around you, but look into the sacred oracles of divine truth, and see if Christ has *promised to accomplish this restitution of the mental being to a sinless condition*; see if he has set forth there for *imitation* his own "holy, harmless, undefiled" life, and *commanded* us to be as he was in this world.

Hear an inspired apostle: "*As he is, so are we in this world.*" "*Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.*" "*Be ye followers of Christ.*"

I might cite you to many more passages, but *one command* is enough to render it imperative. I will write more upon this subject in my next communication.

Yours as ever.

[Original.]

HAPPINESS AND MISERY.

BY N. B.

HAPPINESS and misery are two opposites, — the extremes or utmost limit of which we know not. They are "what eye hath not seen, what ear hath not heard, and what hath not entered the heart of man to conceive."

We know something both of happiness and of misery in this world, by our experience of them. And revelation assures us of vastly more that will be our experience either of one or of the other, in the world to come.

We know that in this world the degree of our happiness or misery must necessarily be limited by the degree of our power to enjoy or to suffer. But who can tell, when this mortal shall have put on immortality, and this weakness raised in power, what a world of happiness or of misery will then appear before us. Great as our powers may then be to estimate joy or woe, yet still, when eternal duration is added to these two most important qualities in all the universe, it gives them a magnitude which nothing but the Illimitable can comprehend.

We can now think of many millions of years, and can add extremely long periods of time one to another, till our minds become bewildered at the ever-extending immensity of them. Yet let an angel or even an archangel imagine the longest period of time multiplied by the greatest conceivable number, and compare it with endless duration, and what is it? Nothing, absolutely nothing, — for that which has an end, however distant in time, can bear no comparison with that which has no end. Who then can comprehend the greatness of the "pleasures at God's right hand forevermore?" — "the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?" — or, on the other hand, who can sum up the misery of "everlasting punishment?" — the "vengeance of eternal fire?" Yet every living man, with all the dead and all that ever shall live, must be an inheritor, either of one or the other of these two conditions. What man can look on, fully contemplating these things, without calling, in an agony of earnestness, "What must I do to inherit eternal life?" To such a one, with infinite kindness the blessed word says, "Be ye holy," for holiness is happiness, and sin is misery.

[Original.]

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

BY Y.

WE were reminded, the other evening, while listening to a most precious experience, of what we have often thought,—that the most beautiful things in art, literature, and association, spring from the religion of Jesus. The painter or sculptor exerts every power of his mind to meet, in some satisfactory way, the conception of figures and representations of holy writ; he may be pleased with the creations of his fancy in the ordinary affairs of life, but he will do his best, and then not be at ease with his efforts, when copying with inspired illustrations.

The poet, also, lays the loftiest tribute of his rhyme at the foot of the cross. The sweetest, simplest melodies of the soul flow out in our religious associations. Scenes and changes take the imprint of their value more from this source than any other, and carry their impressions and instruction through life with us.

Our friend was a stranger from a neighboring city, and is much beloved by all who know her and the singleness of her eye, in her Master's service.

After tea, when we had retired to the parlor, the lady of the house, who aimed to direct the conversation profitably, that it might be a season like those when Mrs. Rogers, Mr. Fletcher, Miss Bosanquet, and others, met together,—the whole group of which have been long ago transferred to the upper sanctuary,—whose company we expect to join, and no more be limited by hours in our fellowship and praise,—Mrs. L. suggested that our visitor would relate her experience in the commencement of the way of holiness. Ready to contribute anything that would exalt her Lord, she portrayed the convictions of her heart, and the preparatory steps in giving herself, unreservedly, to God, that she might love him with all her heart.

The entire surrender had been made, of body, soul, and spirit,—husband and children,—all that was dear was laid upon the altar which sanctifies the gift. This had been maintained and kept, believingly, inviolate some time, the definite period we do not remember; one of the last hesitations had also been cleared away,—the confession of this state of grace. She had become perfectly willing to acknowledge, on all suitable occasions, the power of Christ to save to the uttermost.

When she was expecting and desiring the witness of the Spirit that all was accepted, this was earnestly sought in prayer.

As was her custom, she rose before light to pray and read the Bible, but the desire for the witness to full sanctification was intensely ardent. She had read the precious book, of God, and prayed; the heart was dwelling upon its one object. She put out the light, and threw up the window, and beheld, in the gray dawn of the morning, two dark objects coming down the street. As they approached, she saw they were chimney sweeps. They were singing,—

“’Tis heaven below, my Redeemer to know.”

She chimed in, and sung those words of faith with her darker brethren, and her soul was immediately filled with joy and praise; the Spirit's testimony was imparted, and she has been enabled ever since to preserve its seal upon her heart and life,—*wholly the Lord's*.

TRIALS.—“Trials may come, but they are all good. I have not been so tried for many years. Every week, and almost every day, I am bespattered in the public papers. Many are in tears on the occasion; many terribly frightened, and crying out, ‘*Oh, what will the end be?*’ *What will it be?* Why, glory to God in the highest, and peace and good-will among men.”—*Wesley*.

[Original.]

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY GERTRUDE LADD.

Two years ago last September I left home to attend school in the town of B—. I was then a careless girl of fifteen, — a votary of worldly fashion, cherishing the thought and hugging to myself the vain delusion that I was getting on very well. But without stopping to detail my convictions, disappointments, and long-continued struggles of heart, suffice it to say that my will was at length subdued, and I found peace in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. My faith grew stronger as I advanced, and aside from an occasional subtle thrust of the adversary, I lived for the space of about three months with a constant and conscious joy of pardon from sin and acceptance with God. But gradually temptations increased, and trusting, as I did, in what had been mine, and feeling secure in the past blessings of God instead of working constantly for an increase, I began to lose by degrees my joy; then my desires waned in a measure, and the working principle, small as it had been, with the rest began to diminish, until at last I was only possessed of the form of godliness, with none of the power. But worse than all else, I was entirely *destitute of a knowledge of this fact*, and flattering myself that because I had once yielded and become saved by the blood of Christ, and experienced some of the joys of salvation, I was yet in full possession of all that had been mine. I sank into a sort of carelessness, neglected privileges and duties, lost all or nearly all of the humility and meekness I had acquired, and became only a reproach to the cause to which I professed to be attached. Prayer meetings became irksome, class meetings were often neglected, and when attended, I was of necessity obliged to tell so dull a story that a repetition was dreaded, and at times anger, my besetting sin, would exercise nearly all its former sway over me. A

little less than a year after my conversion I left home for the West, to visit a sister and also to teach. There was a revival in progress in the village where my sister resided, at the time of my arrival, and being influenced by the general tide of feeling, and no doubt to some extent also by the promptings of the Holy Spirit, I for a time felt an increase of desire to become right, yet circumstances swayed me, and I lived, if I may use the phrase, "off and on," or with religion in one hand and the world in the other, wishing to retain both, which is impossible. In a little less than a year from the time I left home I returned again, only to grope on in the same darkness in which I had so long been enveloped. Often did I receive advice from Christian friends, and one, in particular, strove faithfully to rescue me from the danger in which I stood, by thus remaining inactive; but all effort was fruitless. Last August I attended a camp meeting held in an adjoining town. Previous to my going I had formed a resolution to avail myself, while there, of any opportunity of enlightening my mind or possessing myself of more religion. On reaching the ground, I first approached the tent of an acquaintance and a sister in Christ, the very one who had taken so great an interest in my spiritual welfare. In the same tent there was a sister who had a peculiar tact of adapting her conversation in such a way to nearly every person as to make it effectual in showing them where they were, and causing them to realize the immediate necessity of an entire consecration to God. She conversed with me for some time, asking me occasionally if I was willing to make this consecration, or give up that pleasure, or yield myself in that point to the will of God,—to which I answered that I believed I was willing to do all that was required of me. Now I can see that I did not fully realize the requirements, for my mind was not sufficiently enlightened to know the will of God concerning me. But as far as my

mind received impressions, I was fully determined to act. I returned home that night, feeling little better than when I went, but with my determination strengthened to know the fulness there was in Christ. The Saturday following I again went, and having been preparing myself by secret prayer, I was now better fitted for the work, and fully resolved upon its being accomplished. I had said I was willing to do anything, and now came the test. I had got just where something must be done. I must either comply with the requests of God, or forever lose him as my friend. It was a critical moment. The salvation of my immortal soul depended upon my decision. I wavered, faltered, trembled, partially determined, wavered again, and finally took my stand,—yes, firmly, for time and for eternity. I had decided, and all the powers of darkness could not prevail against me. I *would* serve God, I would follow him fully. Wherever he might lead, there would I go. I would do every duty, though it crucified the flesh. Then how infinitely precious did the Saviour show himself to me! How he led me by a hand of love, and placed my feet in a large place upon the rock Christ Jesus, and put a new song into my mouth, even glory to his holy name! And how I was then enabled to rejoice in hope of glory beyond the grave! Yes, and in the prospect of bearing crosses, doing duties, receiving persecution, and enduring all things for his name's sake. I was willing to bear all manner of evil said falsely against me for Christ's sake. How richly God did give me to enjoy his presence and saving power, in a present, continual salvation, and fed me daily with the rich manna of his grace. I continued rejoicing in the possession of my new-found treasure for about three weeks, when the adversary began to realize the loss of his former power over me, and commenced rallying his forces for an attack; and had my shield been anything less than the grace of God, he would quickly have over-

come me, but being armed of God, and endowed with strength from on high, I effectually vanquished my foe, and came off more than conqueror through Christ. First he insinuatingly introduced the subject of separation from the world. He acknowledged it to be necessary to religious growth and prosperity to separate ourselves to some extent from the world, but then this Bible law,—“touch not, taste not, handle not,”—was entirely too rigorous. Pretty general obedience was truly quite necessary, but then an occasional indulgence in some of the lesser points, would not materially hinder our living religion. Of course we must attend to our religious duties when reasonable and convenient, and we might now and then read from the word of God, when we had nothing else to employ our time, or perhaps when not otherwise engaged it were well enough to meditate upon the goodness of God, but then we need not confine ourselves entirely to that subject. We might refresh our minds occasionally with a harmless novel, or some fictitious work, and not have it hurt us a great deal if it did at all. And instead of holding people in awe and dread of us by always speaking soberly before them, and talking with them at every opportunity of the interests of their souls, we could now and then talk a little jestingly, and indulge in a little harmless sport, and still preserve a Christian character before the world, a good standing in the church, and gain the friendship of those who, should we take an opposite course, might hate and persecute us. All this advice was very temptingly offered, and great care was taken by my adviser to cover everything from sight which could create suspicion, but fortunately for me the cloven foot was plainly apparent, and in the strength of the Lord I made answer, that I should yield full, free, and willing obedience to the smallest command that God in his infinite wisdom had enjoined upon me, and that all effort that he might thereafter

make to dissuade me to the contrary would be fruitless. How God blessed me in thus resisting the adversary! How he has ever since blessed me, and verified unto me his precious promise, that "His grace shall be sufficient for us." How he has sustained and supported me in hours of trial and temptation, and kept my feet in the path Zionward, enabling me to give up everything contrary to his holy will, giving me a daily growth in grace, and enabling me at all times to give a reason for the hope I have within me, that is full of glory and immortality! And to-day I thank and praise his great name, that hitherto I have been kept by his power.

North Hero, Vt.

[Original.]

"YE ARE BOUGHT WITH A PRICE."

BY MARY R. STANIFORD.

BOUGHT with a price! O blessed Saviour,
Thou gav'st thy life for me;
Would that my aim, my sole endeavor,
Were to give all for thee.

All for thee, Lord! How poor the offering;
My faith, my hope, how weak!
Unto the Holy One a stained soul proff'ring,
Shall I of love dare speak?

Could I give more, dear Lord, thou knowest
How freely it were thine;
But I, of all thy children, lowest,
No gifts can here enshrine.

My nothingness to Jesus bringing,
I take his promised grace;
Only to his atonement clinging,
I dare behold his face.

Weak, sinful, frail, he now receiveth,
He pleads for such as I;
His Word of Truth my soul believeth,
He saves, — I cannot die.

With his own life-blood Jesus bought me,
When I was all defiled;
Surely, if then he loved and sought me,
He'll own me as his child.

Fears dark and sad I may not cherish,
Christ and his strength are mine;
Though earth and all its joys should perish,
My soul hath life divine.

Salem, Mass., Feb. 1860.

[Original.]

A STRAY LEAF.

BY ABBIE F. EMERY.

Now and then do we see a modest, lowland blossom meeting us by the wayside, as if fearful lest it be noticed by the curious multitude. Rather would it be trodden 'neath the wanton feet of the passer-by, than expose its full beauty and perfection to the careless view. This rare gem is *meekness*,—emblem of our blessed Saviour,—“For I am meek and lowly.” While Christ was on earth he gave example of perfect meekness and lowliness of spirit. But few, how few follow his example. Notwithstanding, these graces are most truly the first characteristic proofs of the sincere Christian.

It is indeed in a spirit of vainglory that men hold forth with pompous pride in their own exhortations, making use of only the most smooth and flowery language,—words that sound very eloquent and graceful, pleasing the *ear* of the multitude, but not reaching the heart. This is all headwork, devoid of spiritual meekness or lowliness of spirit; devoid of the precepts of Christ.

For example: By a singular germination, the once meek and humble *Christian* has become a bold, secure and vainglorious orator, holding forth by the hour in his own human strength and wisdom. By and by the true mission of life is forgotten. The man grows vain of his talents, proud of his capabilities of pleasing the people. He launches out into the dangerous places,—he heeds not the changing current,—he does not see the shoals and quicksands whereon many a life-bark has been eternally wrecked,—he will not perceive the dark frowns of the gathering storm,—he will not yet cry out as did Peter of old, “Lord, save, or I perish!” No, no; he is safe,—secure in his own strength,—he relies on no one. He is choicely gifted; he feels assured that he

has been called by God to feed his flock, and he will feed them on rich and fanciful portions. He has hurried on over the green fields and sunny meadows,—on past the quiet ways of life; with wanton foot he has trodden the brightest gems into the dust before him, and now he is fast nearing the terrible maelstrom where, if he see not the danger immediately, he will be lost,—lost to the world, and lost to peace and happiness forever and ever.

Man must be strong in order to carry on the great work of the “harvest,” but he must necessarily be strong and firm in the Lord, if he would fulfil his true mission,—secure only upon the staff of godly faith,—safe only in the very centre of the conflict for the victory of Christ Jesus, the all-potent and infinite, yet the meek and lowly, who came as a mortal among men, leaving an example of virtue for all future generations.

[Selected.]

THE WAY TO HAVE A REVIVAL.

REV. A. LYNN, of England, points out the way to have a revival of religion in the churches of Christ; and if the twelve rules he gives were followed, revivals would not only *begin*, but *continue* in all the churches. Here are the rules.

1. Let all the officers and members believingly pray themselves into the clear light of God's countenance.

2. Determine to read the word of God every day, with prayer to him for light to understand it.

3. Resolve on having closet and family prayer, without fail, daily; and earnestly press after all the mind which was in Christ Jesus.

4. Miss no opportunity of attending the public and social means of grace, when it is in your power to do so.

5. Resolve by the grace of God never to speak evil of an absent person, and make it a point of conscience to pray for them that speak evil of you; in this way you will overcome evil with good.

6. Be honest and upright in all your dealings with mankind, and strive with all your might to owe no one anything,—but love.

7. Ask for the Holy Spirit, and expect his blessing to attend all the means of grace.

8. Think frequently on the misery and danger of the unconverted, and in your heart pity them, and pray much for their speedy salvation.

9. Pray for a revival, live for it, work for it, and expect it every day and every hour, till it comes.

10. Be careful to look through all the means of grace to God in Christ Jesus for a blessing.

11. Think and speak well of all men,—till their conduct compels you to do otherwise.

12. Be sure you give all the glory of the good done to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for he is a jealous God, and his glory he will not give to another; and pray that his glory may soon cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

TRIUMPH IN DEATH. — “I have not a doubt, no, not the shadow of a doubt; and as for the enemy, I know not what has become of him. I have neither seen him nor heard from him for some time. I think he has quitted the field.” — *Christopher Hopper, on his death-bed.*

DEATH IN BATTLE. — “John Clements was a converted soldier who died in the battle of Fontenoy. When one arm was broken by a musket-ball he refused to leave the field. When a second shot broke his other arm, he said ‘I am as happy as I can be out of paradise.’ In this frame of mind he expired amid the fury of battle.”

ST. JOHN. — “It is delightful to think that the beloved apostle was born a Plato. To him was left the almost oracular utterance of the mysteries of the Christian religion.” — *Coleridge.*

[Selected.]

THE INEXHAUSTIBLE FULNESS.

MOUNTAINS have been exhausted of their gold, mines of their diamonds, and the oceans of their pearly gems. The demand has emptied the supply. Over once busy scenes silence and solitude now reign; the cavern no longer rings to the miner's hammer, nor is the song of the pearl-fisher heard upon the deep. But the riches of grace are inexhaustible. All that have gone before us have not made them less, and we shall make them no less to those who follow us. When they have supplied the wants of unborn millions, the last of Adam's race, that lonely man, over whose head the sun is dying, beneath whose feet the earth is reeling, shall stand by as full a fountain as this day invites you to drink and live, to wash and be clean.

I have found it an interesting thing to stand on the edge of a noble rolling river, and to think that, although it has been flowing on for 6,000 years, watering the fields and slaking the thirst of a hundred generations, it shows no sign of waste or want; and when I have watched the rise of the sun, as he shot above the crest of the mountain, or in a sky draped with golden curtains, sprang up from his ocean bed, I have wondered to think that he has melted the snows of so many winters, and renewed the verdure of so many springs, and painted the flowers of so many summers, and ripened the golden harvests of so many autumns, and yet shines as brilliant as ever, his eye not dim, nor his natural strength abated, nor his floods of light less full, for centuries of boundless profusion.

Yet what are these but images of the fulness that is in Christ? Let that feed your hopes, and cheer your hearts, and brighten your faith, and send you away this day happy and rejoicing. For when judgment flames have licked up that

flowing stream, and the light of that glorious sun shall be quenched in darkness, or veiled in the smoke of a burning world, the fulness that is in Christ shall flow on throughout eternity in the bliss of the redeemed. Blessed Saviour! Image of God! Divine Redeemer! in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. What thou hast gone to heaven to prepare, may we be called up at death to enjoy.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

[Selected.]

EXERCISE OF FAITH.

THE most vivid moral impressions, unless often repeated, will, like the morning dew, be brushed off by our necessary contact with the world, or exhaled by the sun of worldly prosperity. Hence the absolute necessity of retirement and meditation, as well as constant watchfulness against worldly things. We must retire from the world, — we must resort to that sacred retreat, where we shall be alone with God and the things of eternity. Daily should we look into the holy Book, as revealing to us the things of another state of being. We must accustom ourselves to reflection and thought. We must bring before the mind the great realities which the revelation of God discloses, and arrest them and hold them to the eye of the mind, and the sensibilities of the heart, and we must look, and still look till the impression is felt, — till the objects rise and swell to something of their real magnitude, — till the effect becomes fixed and incorporated, and till we can go out amid sensible objects, and carry the holy and sanctifying influence of the things of another world along with us. Thus in the very business and bustle of life, our thoughts would recur to the topics of retired meditation. Our worldly schemes and purposes would be formed and pursued under some just estimate of the comparative value of things temporal and things eternal.—*Dr. N. W. Taylor.*